the trunk; and went to call on the very nicest girl he had ever known. One of the primary causes of his great admiration of her was that, although her father was distinctly a capitalist, she was infinitely more pleased by a bunch of violets than by a dozen or two of American Beauties; and she was also so active and vivacious that almost any time she would rather walk in City Park than sit in a two-dollar entresol. She belonged to a cooking class, and was taking a course in domestic science; and the mere coincidence that she went to her lessons in a twelve-cylinder runabout doesn't imply a lack of sincerity in her motives.

TO-NIGHT she preferred to stay indoors and talk; and Morgan found himself, as usual, telling her his problems and his accomplishments, and enjoying himself hugely at no expense save an occasional shortening of the breath and a dangerous fluttering of the heart. He didn't tell her of his discovery of yesterday, but he did confess the shattering of his financial hopes, and he got for it somewhat more sympathy than he really deserved.

"Still," she said, "one doesn't get the worth-while things without working for them, Sheldon. Success isn't to be picked up in the street."

Morgan started and flushed.

"Of course not," he conceded.

"And over at the factory—I know something about it, you see—they only want the very strongest, the very most determined men. It's the same principle as they use at West Point—they're simply trying you out. And you're *so* young—"

"I'm not as young as all that."

"And it *is* hard to come straight from college to a strange city where you hadn't any friends—I don't wonder that you're depressed sometimes."

"It's the uncertainty," said Morgan. "I don't know what I'm working for. I haven't anything to drive me ahead. And this steady plugging, with barely enough to live on—well, once in a while it gets my nerve."

"I know." Her smile was vastly encouraging.

"If I only had something definite to work for—"

He left the sentence unfinished as he met her eyes. At a single glance the worldly considerations of wealth, of position, of achievement went by the board; and the pair sat breathless on equal terms.

"Anita!" said Morgan, in a voice unexpectedly gone uncontrollable.

Her hands closed upon the arms of her chair with sudden tenseness; the look in her eyes was a revelation to him.

"Anita!" he said, moistening his lips. "Why—Anita! If it hadn't been for you I couldn't have stood it this long. If I thought there were one chance in a million—" There was a period of constrained silence. "*Is* there?" he asked under his breath.

The girl nodded slowly, averting her face from him.

Morgan swallowed hard.

"And you know how long it may take? You know I haven't anything except my salary? It may be three or four years—"

"I know," she said, almost inaudibly.

"And you'd be willing to wait?"

Again she nodded. Morgan went to her. She rose to meet him. He took both her hands and held them tightly between his own.

"Then—I want you to know," he said unsteadily, "that I'm going to make good for you! I'm *going* to! They can't stop me—now!"

His arms went around her, and her head drooped against his shoulder.

"I know you will," she whispered. "I *know* you will!"

EVEN in his new mood of exaltation, he couldn't entirely forget his responsibility toward an unknown Crœsus. For three days he paid for the advertisement; he had no responses. On the fourth day, baffled and apprehensive, he took the money to the First National and hired one of the smallest-sized safe-deposit boxes. To relieve his mind of a fear that had gradually taken form, he extracted the topmost bill from the sheaf and pushed it through the receiving teller's window.

"I want to know if that's genuine," he said.

The teller made the customary tests, and pushed it back.

"I'll give you ninety-nine dollars for it myself—and make a profit!"

"Thank you," said Morgan. He inclosed the twenty-two banknotes in a thick envelop, and saw them under lock and key. If, during subsequent nights, he continued to sleep poorly, the cause must be attributed to some reason other than the natural wakefulness of a guardian of trust funds.

BUT at the end of a fortnight the element of time had somewhat atrophied his earlier solicitude. He had used every means in his power to fulfil his quasi-contract with the unnamed Crœsus, and he had failed honestly. Little by little he began to harbor the natural presumption that findings are keepings. He put a hypothetical question to a legal acquaintance, and learned that already he had carried out his obligations under the statutes. Nevertheless, he told himself that he'd wait three months before he gave up hope of making restitution.

In the meantime he worked diligently, and spent the majority of his evenings with a girl whose confidence was essentially stimulating.

The stated margin of three months brought him no information. Bewildered by his good fortune, of which he hadn't yet breathed a word to any one, not even to Anita, he declared to his conscience that he was lawfully entitled to a hundred per cent. for salvage. The notes, however, he didn't remove from safe deposit. Mentally he had transferred them to his own account, but he still carried in the back of his head a remote suspicion that without warning he might sometime be summoned for a report of his stewardship. Within twenty-four hours after the constructive transfer, he began to construe in a new light his employment at the motor factory.

Between voluntary and involuntary labor, with the corresponding measures of pleasure and of depression at the task, there is a wide division of efficiency. A hundred days ago Morgan had gone to his toil with loathing, inspired partly by the poor return he had from it. After his sudden engagement he labored desperately, for the sake of the future, without altering his distaste for the character of the work itself.

Now, for the first time, he felt eclectic. He had twenty-two hundred dollars stowed away at the First National. He said to himself that if he couldn't discern good prospects in the motor company he needn't stay there.

He proceeded calmly to analyze himself and his relation toward the organization.

It was at this juncture that he was detailed to the inventory squad for the most cordially hated operation of the year.

"If you don't want to do it, you don't have to," said his immediate superior. "I know it's a dog's job. But I don't know who else I can spare. So—"

"No," said Morgan, grinning. "I don't have to if I don't want to—so I guess I will."

"As far as Morgan could estimate, there were about twenty hundred-dollar bills."

IT was in that spirit that he progressed. As each unwelcome assignment came to him, he transformed it, subconsciously, into something that he especially wanted to do, and do well. The little pile of bills at the First National armored his every resolution.

On each one of those occasions which, in the past, would have strengthened his intention to give up a useless struggle, he now fell into the habit of communing with himself:

"Here's a job I don't like. I don't *have* to do it. I can quit any minute. They don't own me here. Well—is it worth quitting for? Not much it isn't! Maybe they thought I'd crack under the strain. They only want the pluggers, do they? *I'll* show 'em something! Humph! Think they can make me quit, do they? Watch me!"

And so, sustained and soothed by the moral support of money in the bank, he proceeded to take unto himself all the most difficult, all the most thankless, all the most extraordinary items in a very comprehensive routine.

"Honestly," he said to Hancock, "I'm getting to feel as if the plant belonged to me. Queer, isn't it?"

His friend Hancock granted that it was indeed queer. In the initial stages, engaged men aren't usually so alert. But Hancock was pleased, and, because his former leaning toward the ministry had perhaps convinced him of the truth of the ministerial theory that all reforms originate in the pulpit, he modestly said that if his long talks on the subject had helped Morgan to a clearer insight, he was deeply gratified.

It was in October that the sales manager sent for Morgan.

"Usually," he said, "we don't think of allowing a man to travel for us until he's taken the student's course for two years; but you've been going very strong, Mr. Morgan—very strong—since last spring. Tell me, have you a savings-bank account?"

Morgan laughed aloud.

"Is that one of the duties of a salesman?"

"If a man can't save something—even a dime—out of fifteen dollars a week, he can't save anything out of fifty, or five hundred, and we want men who—"

Morgan tossed a bank-book across the table.

"I started at twelve, so when I went to fifteen in June, I thought I might as well save the other three."

The sales manager regarded him earnestly.

"You're a Yale man, aren't you?"

"Harvard."

"Oh, yes. And on the registration slip I think you said your father's a lawyer?"

"He was a lawyer."

"Pardon me—I wanted to know if you have any other source of income. I mean, this saving is actually out of your salary?"

"Actually out of my salary."

He smiled reminiscently.

"And two years ago the whole fifteen wouldn't have bought my clothes and theater tickets."

"I think," said the sales manager slowly, "we'll put you through the small towns in Ohio for a starter—beginning next week. Twenty-five dollars."

Morgan looked at the floor. Again he balanced his ambitions against the facts.

He wasn't a natural salesman, and he knew it. He also knew that selling experience was of vital importance for a man who expected to advance far in this technical field.

No one could dictate to him; no one could compel him to go on the road. If he resigned to-day, he needn't starve. He had a bulwark; he was independent.

He drew a long breath and looked up.

"Thank you," he said. "I hoped I'd get a chance to go out on the road."

"You'd better familiarize yourself with the State territory—"

"Oh, I have."

"You have? How?"

"Why, I room in the same house as Sam Hancock, of the agency division, and for six weeks or so I've been going over the State routes with him—nights."

The sales manager cleared his throat.

"All right," he said. "Report in this office to-morrow morning, then. That's all."

MORGAN went out on wings, and at half past eight he floated into Anita's house and told her the news.

"I *knew* you'd do it!" she told him radiantly.

"It's curious," said Morgan, "but I feel as if I could do anything in the world now—anything I put my mind to."

"I really believe you can, Sheldon."

He felt confident enough to approach concrete subjects.

"How much do you think I ought to have before we can think of being married, dear? It's coming nearer and nearer every day."

Anita was slightly dubious.

"Father *thinks* not less than two thousand a year; but he *insists* that you ought to save something first—quite a lot, I'm afraid—"

"How much?" he demanded.

"A thousand dollars," said Anita faintly.

"Next May," said Morgan, with quiet firmness, "we'll send out the invitations for a June wedding. I'll have the thousand!"

According to the schedule laid down

Continued on page 10